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The Dying Year.

Far, far away there is a glint of crimson in the west,
A rosy glow, as sparks of fire, set in the opal's breast,
And myriad specs of purple gloat float in a sea of gold,
Whose changing tints transport, chilled now, some beholders fearful fold.

The red leaves strew the garden walk, the autumn showers fall
Across the path in gloaming gray, the whistling plowers call
Their comrades to the chattering fun, the wistful hoot owl shrieks by,
While time the white moon glides to show her crescent in the sky.

And rise from riverside the mists, and cattle cease to graze,
And lay them down beneath the boughs, and in the gathering haze
The marsh-lights show their glittering sparks of all-delusive fire,
To lure the heedless wayfarer into the treacherous mire.

Wet are the last few flowers with dew—the dahlia's gorgeous crown
Bows heavily its petals bright, with glittering gems beset down,
The crimson fuchsia gently nods her purple-hued bells,
The frosty nights creep on apace, and the short daylight tells

Of coming winter, when the earth shall robed be with snow,
And lake shall be the forest trees, nor shall there linger blow
One bloom of all the blossoms fair that brighten'd summer hours,
Till spring shall smile on earth again, and bring me back the flowers.

THE WOODEN WEDDING.

"Of course Louison must come home for the wooden wedding," decided the whole of the Grubners assembled in full family conclave; the said family conclave being composed of Grandfather and Grandmother Grubner, Widow Grubner, and her two daughters, Margot, who on the fifth wedding day was to be betrothed, and Gretchen, the laughter loving, youngest of the family. Besides all on we present Wilhelm Hans, Margot's husband, and Hans.

"Yes, yes, Frauken Louison must come home for the wedding, of course," echoed Hans.

And then everybody laughed. First of all, because no one in the world but Hans would have dreamed of dignifying little Lou on Grubner with so imposing a title, and next because Hans could never so much as mention Louison's name, jested or not, without causing a laugh at the family circle. His admiration for that young person, freely expressed on all occasions when the object of his affections was not present, and his extreme shyness in her society, had long been a standing joke in the village of Brushofen, and had earned for him the nickname of "the bashful lover."

When they all laughed, Hans blushed a very furious and unbecoming red.

"Never mind, never mind, friend Hans," said Wilhelm, clapping him on the shoulder encouragingly. "I was young once, and timid too, and yet then went I took the bull by the horns at last, and I would advise thee"—

But the advice was drowned in a chorus of laughter and expostulations. Margot, perhaps not unnaturally, objected to being compared to a horned bull, and Wilhelm's timidity had not been so patent to the world, even in his younger days, as to have made much impression upon it, it would seem.

However, it was quite decided that Louison was to come home.

She was a bright, dark-eyed girl of about seventeen, an orphan niece of the widow Grubner, and the bosom friend of her cousin Gretchen, who was her junior by a few months. Louison lived, as a rule, with some distant relatives, who were farmers, a few miles from Konigsberg; but her holidays, somewhat few and far between, were always spent in the Grubners' little cottage, which from her childhood had been considered as her real home, and her visits to Brushofen were looked forward to by all the members of the family with great pleasure. It was now almost a year since she had been there, and it was quite impossible to allow the grand festivities of the "wooden wedding" to take place without her. So after a somewhat elaborate correspondence between the widow Grubner and Frau Lieb, the farmer's wife, whose right hand Louison was, a leave of a fortnight was obtained, and the day was fixed for the young girl's arrival at Brushofen.

Old Grubner, accompanied by his grand daughter, Gretchen, went to meet her at the coach.

"Two weeks, two whole weeks, my Louison," cried Gretchen, grasping her friend's hand as they walked together up the steep cliff path that led to the cottage. "Only think how delightful! And before the end of that time Hans Steiner will have asked thee to marry him, and then thou wilt stay here always, and live in the pretty new cottage by the mill, and we shall never part with thee again."

"Come, come," retorted Louison, "how dost thou know that by the time Hans Steiner pleases to say 'Wilt thou?' I shall not please to say 'Nay?'"

But as she spoke a smile curled the corners of her pretty mouth, and her eyes sparkled, all hidden though they were by their long lashes.

"Well, well," we shall see," returned Gretchen, wisely resolving not to press the matter, at least for the present.

And there were naturally many other subjects of conversation interesting to the family party, or at least to the women portion of it; many questions to ask and be answered, many friends to be inquired for and discussed.

A merry and talkative group were they, as they sat together that evening at work by the open window of the cottage kitchen. It seemed as though they never could get to the end of their absorbing topics—births, marriages, deaths, changes of one kind or another, rumors of what might be, or what have been, flirtations, feuds; who does not know the thousand and one elements of village gossip! If the conversation flagged for a moment, it was sure to break out again directly with an "Oh! what do you think?" or "Have you heard?" or "Do tell me." And then on the tongues would go again, as glibly as though not a word had been spoken for hours.

"Oh! these women, these women," grumbled old Grandfather Gruhner. "Just listen to them click, clack, click, clacking for all the world like a flock of geese. Set five women together, and some mischief will be brewing, one may be sure of that." And yet, in spite of his protests, it did not seem that the old man had really any very strong aversion himself to a little gossip, since he hovered about the group, pipe in mouth, with some tenacity, instead of following his son-in-law, Wilhelm, to the garden, where he was busy digging potatoes.

The forthcoming festivities of the wooden wedding, and the presents which were expected or promised for the occasion, of course took up a considerable share of the conversation, and filled up the pauses of village scandal. The custom of giving presents of a special kind on each fifth anniversary of a marriage originated in America, but has been largely adopted in Germany. On the fifth anniversary of the wedding day all the gifts must be of wood, on the tenth of tin, on the fifteenth of china, and so on until the silver, the twenty-fifth; the golden, the fiftieth, and the diamond, the seldom reached seventy-fifth year of wedlock, is attained. There was naturally a good deal of arrangement required, and some anxiety manifested by the notable young housewife, that the offerings should be such as would give satisfaction alike to the donor and the recipients, that rarest of all cases in the giving and receiving of presents. Possibly Margot had never heard of that unhappy bridal pair whose thoughtful friends provided them with ten toast racks as wedding gifts. But experience or learning of some kind had evidently made her wise, and she was resolved that no mistake of such a kind should occur in her case. Though the gifts may be limited in kind, as well as in cost, there was no reason why they should not be of various description. At least so it would seem from the list which she counted on her fingers, more than twice over, for her cousin's benefit, and which included among other things an armed chair, a cradle, a carved necklace, a picture frame, three spoons, a brooch, a potato bowl, and a washing tub.

"Ah, by-the-bye," she says, rather suddenly, after one of these dead pauses which often occur even in the most animated conversations, "by-the-bye, my husband tells me that Hans Steiner will come this evening to ask what his present to me shall be. I must decide. What dost think, grandmother, of a little bracket for the wall that would just hold the best Dutch china tea-pot?"

"I think that would be capital," responds the old lady.

Meanwhile a look of intelligence passes between the other women. Louison, who is sitting close to Gretchen, works away very steadily, and pretends not to see it.

"I doubt if Margot's present is the only reason for Hans coming up to-night," said widow Gruhner, smiling at her niece.

"How should he know I was here?" asks poor Louison, betraying herself unconsciously, and then blushing crimson to the very tips of her ears.

There is a general laugh. At the same moment Louison drops the needle she is working with, and goes on her knees on the floor to find it. Suddenly her heart beats tumultuously. It seems to have flown to her head and to be knocking a very tattoo on her brain; the sound of footsteps, of a well-known voice has reached her ears long before the others are conscious of it. It is not a very musical voice; it does not belong to a very remarkable or especially charming person. Hans is, after all, but a commonplace, every-day sort of young man; but yet to the little girl groping around in the twilight after the missing needle the voice has charm sweeter than any other on earth, the round, commonplace face, under the round, shabby hat, has a radiance and beauty no other face will ever equal in her eyes. After all, it is not an every day love which makes every day happiness!

"Canst thou not find that needle?" asks Gretchen; and then looking suddenly up.

"Why only think, Louison, here is Hans!" As if Louison had not known that an age ago. "Here he comes. I thought so. Get up—or, no, no," in a whisper, "stay there, and we will pretend thou hast not come; and we will hear what he says."

"Well, Hans, thou art a good example of the old proverb, for we were but just speaking of thee," says Grandfather Gruhner, as the young man approaches and leans against the open window, pipe in mouth.

Gretchen holds her work spread out so as to hide kneeling Louison. Hans bids them all good evening, but gazes round the small room somewhat disconsolately, seeking for that which he finds not. Oh for a glimpse of a small, plump figure, in a dark serge dress, a pair of bright dark eyes, and coral lips that part to show a row of pearly teeth! sighs the young man—sighs and blindly curses fate, because, like many other foolish mortals, he cannot see a yard before his face.

"Ah, Hans, is it thou!" says laughing, mischievous Gretchen. "Poor Hans! I am sorry for thee, if it is to pay thy respects to our fair cousin thou art come."

"What folly of Gretchen, to be sure!" grumbles Margot under her breath. "She will put my present quite out of his stupid head, and we all know that is what he has really come about." She moves quickly from her seat and whispers to her mother. An idea has struck her that after all two small brackets, one for each side of the chimney-piece, would be better than one. "Dost think it would be too much to ask for?" she inquires of her mother.

But the good widow is so much amused with the small domestic comedy going on before her, that she scarcely pays due and proper attention to the weighty matter of the bracket.

As for Hans, if Margot and her wooden wedding had ever been very prominent matters of interest in his head, it is quite clear of them now. At the present moment one idea alone possesses the young lover.

"How—why—what dost thou mean?" he stammers. Is not Frauken—I mean she—is she not coming?"

Louison gives Gretchen's dress a little tremulous pull.

"No, indeed, she is not, my poor Hans."

The smile fades suddenly away from the young man's face. Gretchen puts on a very long face, and shakes her head dismally.

"What is it, Gretchen? Don't keep me in suspense. Has anything happened to her? Is she ill? Is she—what's the good of making mysteries? Everybody knows how I love her," cries Hans, gaining sudden courage.

"Yes, everybody except Louison herself," says Gretchen. Another tug at the dress—an imploring tug this time. Louison feels her situation becoming extremely embarrassing. But Gretchen's tongue is not so easily stopped. The very spirit of mischief seems to have taken possession of her. "Everybody except Louison herself," she repeats.

"Could you—could you not help me a little when she comes?" asks Hans in an undertone, which is meant for Gretchen's ear alone, but which reaches several other pairs of ears besides.

Gretchen laughs. "Not I. Manage thine own business, Master Hans. Besides, did I not tell thee that she is not coming? that in short, thou art a day after the fair?"—a vehement pull at the dress—"that there are attractions at Konnigsberg"—a still more vehement pull, and something like a groan from Hans—"a farmer you must know, young, handsome and rich."

This was too much. Louison's patience and discretion alike gave way. She scrambled up to her feet.

"Gretchen, Gretchen, how can you, how dare you!" she cries, her cheeks all aflame.

Of course there is a laugh from the whole circle. As for Hans, at the first sight of the unexpected apparition his new found courage suddenly takes flight, and he with it. When we look round for him, to explain matters, he is nowhere to be seen. Possibly the remembrance of his late boldness has produced a reaction; possibly the last piece of intelligence about the handsome young farmer at Konigsburg has proved too much for his nerves; or possibly he may be hurt and offended at the little trick which had been played upon him. This is the fear which troubles Louison.

"Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen, how unkind, to be sure! Who would have dreamed to hear thee say such things?" she cries.

"What a goose art thou to turn a little innocent bit of fun into such a scene, Louison? Why didst thou not stay quiet?"

"I think thou wert carrying thy nonsense too far, Gretchen," says the widow. "See thou hast vexed Hans, and made Louison cry."

"And he will think it is all true," sobs Louison.

"Nay, nay, child," puts in the old grandmother, consolingly, "never fear. It will all come right in time. Most things do, if we only have patience."

"He will know that it was all Gretchen's nonsense," suggested the old grandfather. "I will go and see if I can find him anywhere about, and bring him to thee."

"No, no, grandfather," cries the little maiden between her sobs. "It is all my own fault. Don't fetch him. Don't go after him. If he is angry, it is quite right—quite. He must think me so horrid, so bold. He must think I only wanted to hear him say"—

"He loved you." It is Gretchen, half mischievous and half repentant, who fills up the blank.

"He will never say so again," sobs Louison.

"And wouldst thou care so very, very much if he did not? Eh?" asks Gretchen. Louison's face is hidden in her hands. She does not see a shadow that creeps stealthily every moment nearer and nearer to the open window. Gretchen stands before her. "Dost thou indeed care for him so much, little one?"

Louison does not look up. The words that she says are not many, and are broken with sobs. But, few or many, they were to the purpose. More to the purpose than listening Hans would dared to hope for—more to the purpose than he would ever have heard had he not played eavesdropper in his turn.

Before they are fairly out of her mouth, there is a rustle of the creeper outside the house, a leap through the window, and before Louison can turn to fly, she is caught, caged, held fast, in a pair of strong, young arms. What need of more love making when the love was made already?

Louison protests. "Oh! it was mean, unfair of thee, Hans; I could not have believed it," she cries.

But she dries her tears, and Hans helps her.

"But at least thou wert as bad," Hans retorts. "I never could have believed it of thee, either."

"Then I suppose we must forgive one another."

"I suppose we must try."

And so they settled it.

And very soon after the wooden wedding comes another, where, we may be sure, laughing Gretchen acts the part of bridesmaid.

"'Twas all my fault," Louison says to her, as they walk home.

"Entirely," echoes Hans. "I never should have thought of such a thing but for thee and thy tricks. But I forgive thee."

"And thou, Louison," asks the girl.

"Well, I will see how Hans behaves in the future. I will tell the on—on the day of my wooden wedding." But as she looks up into her husband's young face she doesn't seem to have much fear.

"Ah! talking of wooden weddings, thou hast quite forgotten all about poor Margot and her bracket," says Louison.

"I will give her a pair instead of one," says Hans.

And so they were all made happy

Irish Lace.

It is an beautiful, delicate needlework, and in the making of lace of different kinds, that the Irish Sisters excel. There are several houses in the South, each of which is famous for some special kind of manufacture. Persons who are learned in such matters can tell instantly, on looking at a piece of work, at what convent it was done. The crochet made under the superintendence of the Youghal nuns is exquisite, and so fine that it has, in many cases, been mistaken for other kinds of lace. I have heard of a lady who purchased a quantity of what she believed to be old Roman point, in Italy, at a great expense. On bringing it home she took it to her dressmaker in Dublin, and gave it to her as trimming for a dress, with many cautions against waste, and with repeated orders not to cut it unnecessarily. The woman smiled when she heard the discolored work called antique point. She got a magnifying-glass, and showed her customer that she had, in reality, bought Irish crochet lace, which had been dipped in some yellowing fluid, in order to give it an appearance of great age. This clever expert was, moreover, able to tell from what part of the country it had originally been procured. Some ladies are very fond of purchasing sleeves and collars of this beautiful work, to wear at the *toilet d'hote* when traveling on the Continent, as it does not require what is technically turned doing up; when soiled, simple washing and drying will restore it to its pristine daintiness. Besides this, it is quite uninjured by any amount of pressing or crumpling.—*The Argosy.*

Excitement and Short Life.

The deadliest foe to man's longevity is unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be expended or husbanded rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to move fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intemperately, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his accounts with God and man duly squared up," in sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest possible limit which it is possible to attain; while he who intensely feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A gentleman who has tried it recommends as a gargle for diphtheria the following: Take a piece of red oak bark about the size of the hand, a large grasp of sage leaves, put in one pint of water, boil down to a half pint; then add one teaspoonful of pulverized alum and one teaspoonful of pulverized borax, then add enough honey to make it very sweet, and use as a gargle every half hour, swallowing a little of the same time to be sure it reaches the affected parts.

Little Johnny's Composition.

THE BEAR.

A man had a tame bear which was fond of sweets, like they all is, and little boys, too, but girls like slate pencils, and the bear got the bung out of a barrel of trickle, and at, and et. Wen it had et enuff it was sick, and went to bed with the trickle a runnin all the wile. Wen the trickle was all out, the bear was a site to see, for it had role about in the trickle, and wen the man come and foun the bear he lookt a wile and then he said were is your bread? The bear was so sick it grinned, wich the man thot was cos he was funny, and went on to say you is so sweet you must be lick, Sammy, that was the man's boy, you likes this sort of thing, too, come and lick it up. After, wen the man sat Samfly did he lick it up, Sammy said he had lick it a hour with a big stick, but not up, cos it woudent git up; and wen the man look the bear was beat so bad it was ded.

The bear is some thing like a hog and some thing like a buffo, but more like a hog wen it eats. Wen it is wile it lives on bad little boys and girls that ases fokes, but them in the menagerie eats biscuits, and apples, and nuts, 'cause little boys and girls that ases fokes aint took to the menagerie, but as to stop to home and git the cat to kiss 'em.

Billy says if a bear et him their would be a fite, but whot good would that do Billy, Ide like to kno, wen he was et. He toke a deel about fitin, dus Billy, but Ive see him put his hed under the blankets wen the nurse tole a bar story to make to go to sleep and said boo.

Bears sets up wen they wants to be fed, and makes a lap, like my sister a trying to catch a bol, the okkerd thing. I see a boy once to the menagerie, wen the bear made a lap he lit a cracker and tost it in the bear's lap. The bear cockt its hed and lookt down at the cracker a smokin in its hair, and then look up at the boy, and cockt its head the other way, like sayin I kno wot that is, you can't fool me. But wen the cracker went off you nevur see such a friten bear.

Uncle Ned says wen he was in California he was in the woods and a monstous big bear come jumpin at him, and he run, but the bear cud run fasser than uncle Ned, and cot up with him. But just as uncle Ned shut his eyes to be swoller the bear stopt and set up and made a lap, and every time it cot up with him it did the same way, and so uncle Ned he wasen't et. Then uncle Ned he knew the bear was one which had escape from a show and had forgot how to catch its pray. He says he hasent got any doubt but wot that bear tells the others wot a great thing it is to be civilize.

The poler bear is a kind wich is so lazy they has to be stir up with a long pole to take their meels, but the black is more frequent.

Bears is all plantygrades, but if you was to call 'em that they would think to their selfs wot does the fool mean?

The Meaning of "Capital."

In the real, vital understanding of the word capital, says Prof. Price, lies the real secret we are in search of. What is capital? That a man who makes the things you have upon your persons now had to be fed, had to be clothed, had to be lodged, had to have raw materials, had to be supplied with tools. Those are the five great things out of which you have the things in which you are clothed this evening. Now, what is it that makes a nation rich? What is it that makes a nation poor? It all depends upon what happens to this capital. A nation is stationary when it makes as much as it destroys. If people are not prepared to make a lot of wheat for the next harvest to replace that which has been destroyed, if the clothing destroyed this year is not replaced by a new lot for the next year, there must be poverty and there may be *starvation*—almost certainly will. If a nation makes more than it destroys, as most modern civilized nations do, it becomes an extremely interesting question to ascertain what you do with that surplus stock. You turn it into saving. What is the meaning of the word "saving?" A man does not save by buying gold and locking it up, as they do in France. He may starve upon his gold. He may have holes in the roof of his house upon his gold. Nothing is more useless than gold unless you wear it or employ it. A nation grows greater by saving, but the meaning of the word saving is to turn that extra stock of things into capital, to turn it into the power of making a larger stock of things next year. That is the way nations grow rich. But fine furniture and all sorts of pretty statues are not capital. If you win a large district of new fields to grow more wheat, or build more ships, make docks where trade will come, make more roads where the fields were not cultivated because carts could not reach them, then all these things are saved, and produce a larger quantity of things next year, and the nation has grown richer; there is more to divide and people are richer. For reasons I need not dwell upon here, some will have a larger stock and be wealthy men, but everybody will be better off, because there are more things made.

A Michigan paper says: Young man, if you are looking for a wife come to Michigan, the noble Peninsular State, and we'll put you on track of a young lady who can husk her fifty bushels of corn per day, yoke oxen, drive horses, teach school and saw with a cross-cut saw. She wants to be loved for herself alone.

STREET SCENES IN JEDDO.

Phases of Japanese Social and Mercantile Life.

Professor Wm. E. Griffis, for years a professor in the Imperial College at Tokio, Japan, in a lecture on life in that land, his subject being "Street Scenes in Jeddo," says: He should speak of Jeddo as meaning the city under discussion prior to 1868, and Tokio as the modern name, under the rule of the Mikado. The citadel with its moats and canals, is crowded with thousands upon thousands of wild ducks, herons, crows, and cormorants, protected by law, but which are a great temptation to sport-loving Europeans. The government was very similar to our own in some particulars. There are departments and bureaus with professional politicians, who spend their time mainly in crowding about the Treasury. The schools and colleges of the old stamp were some of them traceable back to a great antiquity, several being over one thousand years old. They remained almost fixed in their conservatism until the advent of modern ideas in the person of the present Mikado. The immense storehouses line the borders of the canals in certain sections of the city. Here millions of bushels were put away to use in case of famine. Formerly and up to a recent date rice was the medium of exchange, the currency of the nation. The amount of what a full-grown, healthy man would eat in one day was the measure of value—a more perfect one and subject to less fluctuation than the best coin medium had proven itself to be. The temples which dotted the face of the city had statues of the Buddhist gods, one of these listless of worship having 8,333 such life-size, gilt figures. The prisons were far in advance of what might have been expected. The executions were swift and summary, but prison life was not at all irksome, plenty of rice and warm water being provided, the latter drink, to a Japanese palate, being enjoyed as well out of jail. On the north of the city were the model farms, under the care of General Capron, head of the Colonization Society. The love affairs of the citizens of Jeddo were detailed, the matches being drawn up, both for bride and groom, by the shrewd old parents. In cases where the young people determined to forego the parental consent they committed suicide together, that they might enjoy their honeymoon in the hereafter. These suicides were announced by the column in the native papers. The magnitude of the city was shown in consisting of 186,000 houses, containing 825,000 resident and 100,000 floating population. From 8,000 to 15,000 men garrisoned the place. Of dancing girls there were several thousands. The orders and ranks of the people, from the heavenly Mikado of the lowest of the low, the dressers of leather, all were distinguished closely and unmistakably by the regalia and costume worn. The Japanese barber had abandoned his old guild sign to adopt the American sign of the red and white pole, adding with surprising effect green and yellow stripes. The doings of the merchants were described. They understood the art of creating "corners," and tried the plan on rice and silk. The remedy was the simplest possible, for any merchant who tried cornering too often paid for his perseverance with his head. The city fires, which made such heavy havoc among the slight wooden structures, swept the city down once in every seven years. The Japanese were very careless in the use of fire, but managed to secure their perishable property by making fire-proof huts of mud. The lecture ended with a laughable description of the attempts made by the Daimios to comply with the imperial mandate requiring the adoption of European dress, of high dignitaries going to court decked out in plug hats which came down over their ears, a flaming necktie, with shooting-jacket and sailor pantaloons, and, last of all, a loose pair of gum shoes.

The Old Story Again.

The story of the frugal wife who trades her husband's old pantaloons for china to find that he had left a well-filled pocket book in the pockets is not a new one, but Hudson furnishes a case with an unusual ending. The wife of a well-known grocer there made such a sale in July last, and learned, when she informed her husband of her "bargain," that the pantaloons contained a wallet in which were notes to the amount of $1,500, and other valuable papers. No clew to the peddler was obtained until a few days ago, when a citizen who had heard the story recognized the second-hand vender in the street. He was taken to the grocer to whom he at once acknowledged that he had found a pocket book in his purchased clothing, upon arriving home, but was not aware of the value or ownership of the papers it contained. He said, however, that they were safe, and that he would return them if the owner would send a man with him to Albany, where he resided. This request was complied with, and the papers are again in the possession of their owner.

A NEW POWDER.—Experiments have lately been made in Sweden with a new explosive compound, which is stated to embody all the good and none of the bad qualities of every previous known explosive, than which it is also said to be more powerful. This new destructive agent comes to us under the very expressive name of "vigorite," but the nature of the compound is at present kept a profound secret by its inventor, who is a Swede.

Items of Interest.

There is no luck like p-luck.

Hostile furniture—Armed chairs.

Hope is the best part of our riches.

Those who stand and wait are merely servants.

No Chinaman has ever yet become a book agent.

In Germany only foreigners are imprisoned for debt.

A lawyer expects to make money every time he makes a motion.

Many a nickel makes a muckle. Remember that, young man.

Providence is kind, for when a man has but little wit he never knows it.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit wrapper? About a medium pattern.

"A splendid bar, but a very poor voice," the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

When a boy becomes bent on going to sea he should be straightened out before the mast.

A Vermont man hasn't missed winding the family clock a single night for thirty-eight years.

The troublesome visitor who has been shutting the doors after him all summer now begins to leave them open.

A number of the California steam flour mills use wheat straw for fuel, instead of wood, and effect a great saving.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that sending a dun to a man on a postal card is unlawful as well as saucy.

There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him she gave him a soft answer, and the soft answer turned away Wrath.

The Democratic Legislature of Arkansas has a colored man for enrolling clerk of the House, and another for doorkeeper of the Senate.

Ashtabula, Ohio, is engaged in preparations for the manufacture of a mighty cheese, to weigh fourteen tons, for the Philadelphia centennial.

You can send in your goods to the centennial without fear of their seizure for debts owed by the commission. Attorney General Williams says so.

Some person remarks that it is singular that mineral waters are beneficial only to the wealthy, physicians never advising poor people to visit such places.

When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning bug," supposing it to be the headlight of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

When you grasp a friend familiarly by the arm nowadays, you are very likely to be startled from your natural equilibrium by the exclamation, "Oh! look out for my vaccination!"

The Catholic priests of Chicago are engaged in circulating among the workmen of their congregations pledges, not merely to refrain from the use of liquor, but from the temptation also.

A gentleman was examining an umbrella, and commented upon the fine quality. "Yes," said a person present, "he fancies everything he sees." "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize everything he fancies."

An Oswego paper describes a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens and flung their fiery arms about like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them out with a pail of water."

A Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

Circumstantial evidence of a crime is sometimes so strong as to render proof of innocence—if the law demanded such proof—almost impossible. A graduate of Yale has for years past ministered to a parish in Haywood, near San Francisco. Not long ago he joined the Odd Fellows, and was one of two persons in the lodge who knew where the key of the safe was kept. One day the safe was robbed. On being informed of it the reverend gentleman examined the room, and found the false key with which the safe had been opened, and some of the money under the safe. Subsequently going to the room alone, he found the stolen purse, empty, under the mat. Suddenly it occurred to him that circumstantial evidence had accumulated which would point to him as the robber, and, actuated by strange fear, he let the purse remain, and that night returned privately, intending to destroy it. The room chanced to be watched, and he was caught in the act. Circumstantial evidence was strong against him, but the jury, hearing his pitiable story of cowardice, acquitted him, under the conviction that he told the truth.

TURKEY AND OYSTERS.—The Detroit *Free Press* says: "A twelve-year-old boy, pretty well dressed, entered an office on Jefferson avenue the day before Thanksgiving and begged for twenty cents. 'Want it to buy a Thanksgiving dinner with?' asked the proprietor. 'Yes,' answered the boy. 'What'll you get—a chicken?' 'No, sir,' replied the boy very honestly. 'We've got a turkey, and we want some oysters to stuff it with!' The gentleman put his wallet back."

The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1874.

Local and Miscellaneous.

The Blue X.

"Those of our subscribers who observe a Blue X on the margin of their paper will understand it to mean that they owe at least one years subscription, if not more and will please act as conscience dictates.

Court next week.

A Warren county man has slain his nine deer in one week.

Rev. C. A. Dillin will preach at Farmers Valley next Sunday.

Horace Sweet, the extensive boot and shoe dealer of Buffalo, has failed.

New York city was visited by a severe earthquake shock last Thursday.

If you want a good thing in the shape of a revolver, call at Faton & Sprague's.

It is feared that Santa Claus will travel with a very diminutive pack this season.

A handful of good horse radish will keep your cider good and sweet for a long time.

It only takes two and a half barrels of oil to pay for a day's board down in the oil regions.

Cards are issued announcing a ball at the Port Allegany House, Friday evening, January 1st 1875.

About forty tons of coal per day is the average produce of the Bunker Hill mines, with a light force at work.

Those of our subscribers who wish to wipe out the "Blue X" on their paper, will find next week a good time.

L. Rogers, Esq., left town Monday to attend a reunion of the members of the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Joel Clark, of Emporium, will hold services in the Court House next Sabbath, at 10½ A. M. and 6½ P. M.

Our last week's Potter JOURNAL was so blurred and blotted that we could not read it. Send a readable one next time, Hamilton

Messrs. D. A. Easterbrook and H. Horner received a car load of Ohio cattle on Monday, which were quickly disposed of to our home dealers.

We learn that a station on the McK & B. Railroad above Colegrove is to be called Hamlin, in honor of the President of the road, Hon. B. D. Hamlin.

Messrs. Thos. King and A. D. Hamlin, with their assistants, have finished their survey of the State Road from Lafayette Corners to Kane, and returned home.

Two young men had attended Church. One says: "I tell you, didn't the preacher wake up at the last end of the sermon?" "Yes," was the reply, "and so did the congregation."

Mrs. Emma C. Martin, better known in this vicinity as Miss. Emma Garfield, has been giving readings before Buffalo audiences, and is highly praised by the press of that city.

Mr. G Macfarlane, who is superintending the affairs of the Buffalo Coal Company, at Bunker Hill, was in town Tuesday. He came down to get warm. we should judge from his account of the state of the weather on the hill.

Hon. J. C. Backus will not go to Harrisburg until after Court week. His legal business is of more importance than throwing his hat for seekers in the Senatorial pool. Sensible man, John is, barring his infernal politics.

Everybody wants to commence the new year with a new diary and memoranda in his pocket. It will come handy a thousand times during the year. McCoy & Reilly have them of the most convenient styles and at reasonable prices.

Alfred Sturdivant does not keep any toys or playing cards, but he can give you a clean shave, and what is better always has clean cups, clean brushes, clean towels, and everything about the establishment is kept neat and inviting.

If the times are hard stop your paper, but do not shorten your allowance of whisky and tobacco. Your wife and children will of course lose the comfort of a good home paper—but the price of a years subscription will buy a pint of whiskey or a pound of tobacco.

It is a little singular that while business of every kind is greatly depressed, and the wages of labor have been very much reduced, the prices of the necessaries remain unchanged, or if there is any change it is in the direction of an advance.

Speaking of the Jersey Shore, Pine Creek and Buffalo railroad, the Jersey Shore Herald says: Our people are rejoicing over the fact that the railroad will be put through to the lakes in a short time. A large number of hands have been ordered by the contractors, and will be set to work immediately.

For the purpose of giving more room and a better display for his unusual large stock of silver ware, M. L. Armstrong has added a new show case to his store, for the reception of that kind of goods exclusively. It is commodious and handsome, and filled with elegant silverware presents a very attractive appearance.

We have been permitted to inspect the improvements and additions our wide-awake friend W. J. Milliken has recently made to his residence. Some portions of it needed reconstructing, and he has done it so thoroughly that he can now boast of one of the neatest and most commodious residences in town.

Will those gentlemen of our subscribers, to whom we have given the opportunity to pay their subscription in wood, bring along the wood? Or will they compell us by their delay to pay cash for our wood, and then be obliged to demand cash of them? It makes little difference to us—but the wood we must have.

Cosgrove, convicted of robbing the Wellsboro bank, was sentenced by Judge Wilson to sixteen years and nine months imprisonment and a fine of $2,000. His accomplice, Cook, was sent up for three years less, with the same fine.

The following suggestive advertisement appears in the last week's Cuba Herald:

FOR SALE.—This paper is for sale. The Editor has had enough of Allegany county and its promising politicians, and wants to "fling out." Who will buy? For sale cheap. Inquire either at this office or at the county house (where we soon expect to be.) JAS. A. M'KEEHN.

CATHOLIC SERVICES, CHRISTMAS DAY.—Rev. Father Flood will celebrate Mass in Alton at 2 A. M.; in Bradford at 5 A. M.; and High Mass in Smethport at 11 A. M. Confessions will be heard all day Wednesday (the 23d) and Thursday until noon at Smethport; in Alton Thursday from 2 P. M. till 10 o'clock at night, and before Mass in Bradford Christmas morning. There will be a sermon on the subject of the day in each place, and in Smethport Vespers and Benediction of the M. H. Sacrament immediately after Mass.

Will the tidal wavists please to rise and explain. More than a month has passed since the fall elections, and the promised prosperity in lieu of the Republican hard times hasn't come to hand. Quite the reverse. Gold has gone up two per cent., coal is on the rise, flour and other articles of consumption ditto, while business has not revived, and more people are out of employment than ever before. If this sort of thing goes on people will begin to think that hard times are not chargeable, particularly, to any political party.

Brandon, of the St. Marys Gazette, sagely informs his readers that President Grant's recommendations regarding the currency indicate that the result of the late elections has made an "impression" upon his mind, and that he has "emancipated himself from the pernicious doctrines of inflation." As there is at present no law preventing any one from lapsing into idiocy, the readers of the GAZETTE are to be commiserated.

FIRE.—Some of our citizens who were not very sound sleepers were aroused Monday morning by the cry of fire. Upon arriving at the spot it was found that the fiery element had seized upon a hog-pen in close proximity to the residence of E. F. Walker. The flames were beyond control and the building was burnt to the ground. Several thousand feet of choice lumber stowed in the upper story of the building, belonging to W. A. Williams, were destroyed. One unfortunate porker was turned from a comfortable home upon the cold, cold world at the opening of a hard winter by this cooling alien.

The Pennsylvania Republican Association, at Washington, have inaugurated a series of Centennial Sociables, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the advancement of the interests of the Centennial Exposition. The first sociable will take place on the evening of the 22nd inst., at Masonic Temple. Our thanks are due the President of the Association for the honor of a complimentary, and as we recall to mind certain enjoyable evenings we have spent at the entertainments of this and the Associations of other States in Washington in days gone by, we sincerely regret our probable inability to attend.

HOW TO GET A GOOD CUTTER, CHEAP.—Every one who drives a horse can enjoy the possession of a nice cutter, but it is not every one who can afford to own one at the price they are usually held. But Eaton & Sprague have made arrangements with one of the largest manufacturers of Buffalo whereby they can furnish cutters at such rates that all can afford one. They are offering the finest made cutters, unfinished, at $14 to $18 each. The purchaser can have them ironed and finished off to suit his taste or length of purse. By this plan a first-class cutter, such as is usually sold for $120, need not cost more than half of that sum.

We receive two good dailies from Buffalo, the Express and the Courier. We like the former because of its, in our opinion, clear-headed political views, and we like the latter because of it faithful advocacy of the interests of Buffalo by keeping a watchful eye upon all enterprises on the outside that will tend to the prosperity of that city. Among such enterprise to which the Courier has given frequent editorial mention, is our McKean & Buffalo Railroad and the operations of the Buffalo Coal Company. In view of the good will that paper has invariably shown toward these projects, we regret the necessity of correcting several statements made in a recent article, which has been quite extensively copied. The statements did not lack truth but were in excess of the truth, and the gentlemen in charge of the work are too modest to wish to be accredited with more hard work than is within the scope of ordinary mortals. The statement that "fifteen miles of the road, starting from Larrabees, is already graded," and that "the bridges are all up between the point named and Smethport," is a larger story than those who have been on the ground can tell; and it is not now expected that the prediction that the rails will be laid to Smethport by the 1st of January can be verified. We are justified in saying that on five miles of the road starting from Larrabees, the grading is finished, and by the last of next week it will all be graded to Smethport. The bridge over the Allegany is nearly completed. But a few, it say, of the bridges between Smethport and Larrabees are completed, though the abutments are all up. The work is being vigorously pushed, and we feel safe in predicting that, with favorable weather, the cars will be running to Smethport by the middle of February. We are assured that the entire road will be completed to Bunker Hill before the 4th of next July, thus more than verifying our promise, at least, of our friends of the Courier.

Christmas Tree.

The programme will consist of vocal music by the choir and Sabbath School, also music by the Smethport Cornet Band. Committees are requested to meet at the church on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Look at This!

Our readers will find it well worth their time to look over the following list of some of the numberless articles for the Holidays that can be found at M. L. Armstrong's:

Amethyst rings.
Bracelets, Butter dishes, Bouquet holders.
Castors, Cream-cups, Coral jewelry, all-Cups, Cuff buttons, Clocks.
Elgin watches.
Fruit dishes, Silver Forks.
Garnet jewelry, plain and chased Gold rings.
Napkin-rings, Nut-picks.
Onyx-stone rings.
Toys of every variety, style and price.
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

McKean County, Pa.

Under the above head the editor of the Jamestown Journal discourses at considerable length. He says that from boyhood he recollects of hearing of this county, its vast forests of pine and other valuable timber, and rich mines of coal. As long ago as 1841, (he continues) such men as Struthers, of Warren, and other speculative men of that place, had made large investments in McKean county. Struthers was at one time the owner of over 30,000 acres of land in said county. That there is an abundance of coal in the county has long been demonstrated, and its coal fields in nearest of any other to Buffalo and Western New York. Much of the coal is in thin veins and mixed with sulphur, but some of it, as at Bunker Hill, and other localities, is found in large veins of good thickness and most excellent quality. A new and local railroad has just been commenced in the county, leading from its best coal fields to Larrabee Station on the D. N. Y. & Phila. road, which cannot fail to develop the mining and agricultural resources of McKean county, and give it that prosperity and wealth its capabilities so richly merit.

A Correction.

We willingly comply with the request to publish the subjoined note. The version of the affair published last week was supposed to be perfectly reliable, yet we are told that the unfortunate shooting is blameless of even the charge of carelessness, which we are pleased to hear:

MR. EDITOR: The item in your last issue gives an erroneous impression of an accident, which occurred recently on Bunker Hill. It seems a gross prevarication on the part of your informant. An eye witness states that the person in whose hands the gun was slipped on the ice, the hammer came in contact with the ground, discharging the contents through a closed door, wounding the little girl etc. The "Indian tactics" were altogether in the vivid imagination of your informant. The result of the accident has already given sufficient distress to its innocent instrument without that added by the article referred to.

SCHOOL TAXES.—The following item has been going the rounds of the newspapers. It is worthy of attention of school directors:

"Judge Elwell, in a Columbia county case, noted in the Patriot some time since, decided that school directors could only levy a tax of ten mills on the dollar. This decision has been held good by Judge Walker, and an additional point decided in a recent Schuylkill county case. A regular tax of ten mills and a special tax of two mills, for building purposes, had been assessed in the borough of Pinegrove. The building tax was to be used for the repair of a school house already erected. Judge Walker decides the two mill tax as illegal. Ordinary repairs must be made out of the regular school fund. As these decisions are in conflict with the rulings of the school department, it is more important that they should be generally known, in order that school directors may not ignorantly collect taxes they are not entitled to receive."

EDITOR MINER: To Olean is due the great honor of reviving one of the customs of a century ago. On Wednesday evening of last week the "stranger within her gates" was treated to a coat of tar and feathers, under provocation as follows: A certain lady resident of Olean, making a short stay at or near Courtland, N. Y., last summer became acquainted with a furniture dealer of that town, the acquaintance sprung into intimacy and finally resulted in preparations for matrimony. The wedding was fixed upon for Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, at the house of the brides father, in Olean. The day and the hour having arrived, the party (among which were a large number of invited guests) were ready for the ceremony, but unfortunately the groom himself failed to appear. Minutes having lengthened into hours search was instituted through the town, and the bridegroom found at one of the hotels in a beastly state of intoxication; the wedding was consequently postponed, and the company dispersed. Eighteen hours passed and the debauch not ended, the citizens of Olean felt themselves outraged, (whether on the score of misplaced affection or drunkeness is not so clear,) and determined on a summary vengeance. At eight p. m., of Wednesday the Courtlandt gent was abducted from the Moore House in a state of semi-unconsciousness, plastered freely with tar and feathers, ridden on a rail through the streets and sent on his way—a sadder and a wiser man, fully impressed with the philanthropy and high breeding of the Oleanders. Having purified himself inside as well as out, he came back to Olean on Saturday, and married the lady without further postponement. Without wishing to uphold intemperance in any form, I must say in conclusion that Olean having vindicated its honor (?) in this instance has truly cause to BOAST. No doubt the "Pillory" and "ducking stool" are in daily requisition; but like many others I feel too timid to go and see. MARENGO.

Smethport Pa., Dec. 14, 1874

We would call special attention to the advertisement of the New York Industrial Co. in another column. We have reason to believe that they are "on the square."

—$20—

WILL BUY A

FIRST MORTGAGE PREMIUM BOND

OF THE

N. Y. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION CO.

These Bonds are issued for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a building in the City of New York, to be used for a

Perpetual World's Fair.

A permanent home, where every manufacturer can exhibit and sell his goods, and every patentee can show his invention; a center of industry which will prove a vast benefit to the whole country.

For this purpose the Legislature of the State of New York has granted a charter to a number of our most wealthy and respectable merchants, and these gentlemen have purchased no less than eight blocks of the most valuable land in the City of New York. The building to be erected will be seven stories high (150 feet in height), surmounted by a magnificent dome, and will cover a space of 23 acres. It will be constructed of Iron, Brick and Glass, and made fire-proof. The bonds, which are all for $20 each, are secured by a first mortgage on the land and building, and for the purpose of making them popular, the directors have decided to have quarterly drawings of $150,000 each; this money being the interest on the amount of the whole loan.

Every bondholder must receive at least $21,00, but he may receive

$100,000!

Or $45,000, or $10,000, or $3,000, &c. &c.

Every Bond

purchased before January 4th, 1875, will participate in the

THIRD SERIES DRAWING

Hall MONDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1875.

Capital Premium, $100,000.

These Drawings take place every THREE MONTHS, and eventually EVERY BOND will participate in them.

Address, for Bonds and full information

Morgenthau, Bruno & Co.

FINANCIAL AGENTS,

28 Park Row, N. Y.

POST OFFICE DRAWER 29.

Remit by Draft on N. Y. City, Banks, Registered Letter, or P. O. Money Order.

Postponements impossible under this plan.

Only $1.00 a Year!
Only $1.00 a Year!
INCLUDING PREMIUM.
INCLUDING PREMIUM.

Best of Stories.
Best of Stories.
FASHION ARTICLES.
FASHION ARTICLES.

Miscellaneous Reading.
Miscellaneous Reading.
HOUSEHOLD NEWS.
HOUSEHOLD NEWS.

Children's Corner.
Children's Corner.
AMATEUR PRINTER'S COLUMN.
AMATEUR PRINTER'S COLUMN.

Purchasing Department,
Purchasing Department,

Through which every desirable article in New York is furnished at the lowest rates, without extra charge.

You Want It!
Your Wife Wants It!
Your Children Want It!

OUR OWN FIRESIDE,

Is a Home Journal for the Parents.
Eight large pages, with Illustrations.
It is now in its Fourth year.

Price, $1 60 a year. Ten cents extra must be sent to pay postage.

Every subscriber has the choice of a Premium.

Send a 3 cent stamp for a sample copy and see the paper and list of premiums offered.

There is also a way provided by which ANY ONE NOT ABLE TO SUBSCRIBE CAN SECURE THE PAPER FOR ONE YEAR WITHOUT MONEY. Address with stamp

OUR OWN FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO.
176 William Street, New York.

Canvassers wanted. A Champion Job Press given for a club of 15 subscribers.

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS

2 to 20 Horse Power.

The BEST & the CHEAPEST.

Address, for full particulars, M. L. GUMP & CO., 176 William Street, New York.

Champion Job Press.

The best yet made for Printers, Druggists, Business Men and Boys.

JOB TYPE FOR AMATEURS.

Send 3 cents for circular. Address M. L. GUMP & CO., 176 William St. New York.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agency of the following lands situated in the Counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession

E. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will attend to all calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office in the Court House.

D. V. Grossmire.

Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co.

24 FRANKLIN ST., KANE, PA.

Prompt attendance given to all professional calls

S. W. Smith.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

P. R. Cotter,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

All business entrusted to his care will receive immediate attention. Particular attention given to collections.

Backus & Milliken.

ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office up stairs in Hartwell block, on Main street.

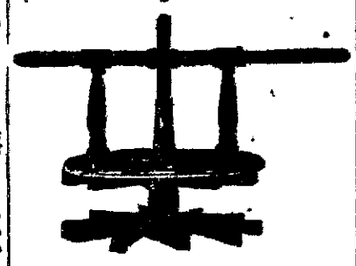
W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BACKUS.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY and counselor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties, will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Building, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

Morse's Favorite

$5



WASHER.

THE undersigned having secured the exclusive right of sale of Morse's Favorite Washer in the counties of

CAMERON, CRAWFORD,
CLINTON, ELK,
FOREST, ERIE,
M'KEAN, POTTER, and
WARREN,

Are prepared to dispose of either County, township or individual rights.

REFERENCES:

The undersigned ladies of Smethport and vicinity, having used Morse's Favorite Washer in their families, have permitted us to refer to them for proof of its many excellencies as a family servant:

Mrs. A. N. Taylor, Mrs. S. P. Beckwith,
" C K Sartwell, " John Stoddard,
" M N Powell, " James Howard,
" John Grigsby, " Emma Gifford,
" John B Taylor, " Wm. Sherwood,
" B L Knapp, " Horace Vanzickle,
" Wm. Haskell, " H F Barbour.

KNAPP & TAYLOR.

E. L. KNAPP. JOHN TAYLOR.

Smethport, Pa., July 1, 1874.

DRAYING.

This is to give notice that I am prepared to do all kinds of draying between Smethport and Larrabee's on the most reasonable terms. All orders attended to promptly and faithfully.

ABNER B. TUBBS.

Sept. 10, 1874.

Alfred Sturdevant.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now prepared to attend to his customers at his

NEW QUARTERS,
OVER THE POST-OFFICE.

He is prepared to do

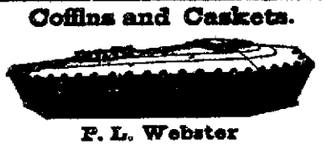
Shaving & Hair Dressing

in the highest style and at the lowest price. A select assortment of

Cigars, Collars, Cuffs,

and other fancy and useful articles constantly on hand. Call and be satisfied for yourselves.

Coffins and Caskets.



P. L. Webster

WOULD INFORM the citizens of Bradford and vicinity that he keeps ready made coffins, soft and hard wood caskets, etc., constantly on hand.

E. R. SHATTUCK,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Wines and Liquors,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Particular attention given to orders by mail or telegraph. Small or large quantities carefully boxed and shipped.

JOSHUA DAVIS. G. M. JAMES

DAVIS & JAMES.

Dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed

Clothing, Notions,

Hardware and General Merchandise.

KANE, PA.

W. T. Callar,

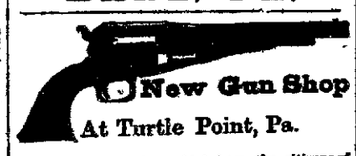
DEALER IN

Drugs, Paints,

Oils, Fancy Goods,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

KANE, PA.



New Gun Shop

At Turtle Point, Pa.

THE undersigned would inform the citizens of McKean County that he has opened a Gunsmith Shop at Turtle Point, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Patronage respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. E. Hadley.

Turtle Point, Pa. Nov. 19, '74-3m

Bingham Estate.

Robt. H. Rose is authorized to receive money for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of this Estate. In McKean County His office is in the Prothonotary's office in the Court House.

Wellsboro, Dec. 24, 1873. Robt. C. Simpson
Agent of the Trustees.

Farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a valuable farm, situated on Vaughn Hill, in Bradford township, eight miles from the Borough of Bradford. Said farm contains 105 acres, with 35 improved. Good farm buildings, 40 appletrees, a large chestnut orchard, and three living springs thereon.

For terms and other particulars address

FRANK PERKINS,
Smethport, Pa.

11-49-3m

Executor's Sale.

WHEREAS LETTERS TESTAMENTARY TO the estate of Nathaniel Robbins, deceased, late of the township of Norwich, have been granted to the subscriber, I will expose to public sale at the premises, on THURSDAY,

JANUARY 14, 1875,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following property:

One hundred and fifty (150) acres, fifty (50) acres of which being improved, with dwelling-house, barn, wagon-house, and orchard thereon.

GEORDIS CORWIN, Executor,

Dec. 3, 1874—6t.

Petition.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A PETition will be presented at the next session of the Legislature for the passage of a law reinstating the Commissioners of the Big Level State Road, long enough to collect present taxes, pay up indebtedness and settle up account.

For the Commissioners

W. S. OVIATT.

Dec. 3, 1874.-4t

BURNHA!

McCOY & REILLY,

("SIDE HILL DRUGSTORE.")

DEALERS IN

Pure Drugs & Medicines,

FORD BUILDING, SMETHPORT, PA.

Drugs & Medicines.

Books & Games FOR THE Holidays.

ALBUMS, DIARIES.

FINE TOILET ARTICLES

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS.

We respectfully invite attention to our well selected stock.

McCoy & Reilly.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

At M. L. Armstrong's.

No. 3. UNION BLOCK, SMETHPORT, Pa.

ELEGANT JEWELRY JUST ARRIVED.

Ladies' Gold Sets, Rings, Bracelets, Charms, etc.

Toys For The Children.

PRICES REDUCED!

EATON & SPRAGUE

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE

SHELF FURNITURE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

TIN & SHEET IRON WORK.

SMETHPORT, PA.,

FANCY GROCERIES

J. P. WENDEL.

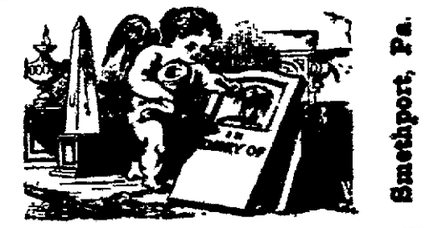
CANNED FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

Fresh & Salt Meat, Fish & Oysters

Constantly on hand.

Fancy and Family Groceries at Lowest Figures.

J. Digel's Marble Factory.



ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTAL, MARBLE, and STONE WORK DONE TO ORDER.

New Clothing Store

In Smethport!

READY-MADE CLOTHING

OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES.

Hats & Caps

and

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